

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

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NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you're dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play—
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the storm today.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard fought field,
Or storming some air fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your spirit is strong,
Of honor God grants it may be;
But your will never be stronger
Or the need so great as today.

Is it not the past awaiting you,
How sunshines and storms are forgot;
How the world is held in your hands;
As the hours of vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever.
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife today.

Is it not for the day is passing?
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

—Adelaide Annie Proctor

Indian Scars in Demand.

A Monroe street hair dealer: "If you know where I can get any Indian scalps I shall be obliged to you for that information. Indian scalps, like buffalo heads, are becoming mighty scarce. Now, about the last thing in the world that some people want is an Indian scalp, and yet there are people who want just that sort of curiosity. I had an Indian scalp not long ago which had nine scalps hung to it, and I sold it to a man on the north side for \$35. I have a bunch of hair here—it isn't a scalp, as there is no skin attached to it, just a handful, as it were. It is worth \$5. Indians are not scalping as much as they used to, and that is why scalps are high. In fact, they are getting scarcer and more valuable. Take this common Indian basket that used to sell for \$3 a dozen, now you can't get one for that money. There are two reasons for this. One is that travelers take them first hands as curiosities and pay the Indians just what they ask. Another reason is that since the government has got to taking such interest in Indians, taking care of them, the Indians are lesser than ever and make less than formerly."—Chicago Tribune.

Draughts of Electricity.

It would not surprise me to see some fearful catastrophe happen in the near future by reason of the general, I might say porcine, employment of electricity as an agent of civilization. I think we have roused up a force that we may be unable to control. Take the electric overhead railroads. They are driven by a power impossible to compute, and yet that force sometimes subsides for hours together, and the ablest electricians are neither able to awaken it again nor tell why it ceases to operate; and yet it will start again as suddenly as it stopped, apparently independent of human control. Within a few days I have seen an electric light wire set on fire by becoming wet, and burn as brightly as a carbon, and some such accident happens during every rain. The laws governing this mighty force are but little understood, and there is reason to fear that it may yet become dangerously defiant of control.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Big Fiddle.

The bass viol is the most expensive of all musical instruments to its owner. Its first cost is not the greatest expense. It is so large and awkward to carry around that it is continually getting injured by accidents which would not happen to smaller instruments. Somebody may kick a hole in it by dancing against it in a room, or it may be knocked against something while carrying it around. It is most frequently injured on street cars while the musician is carrying it to the place where he has to play. After a man has had an instrument for a long time he comes to look upon it as actually worth all the money that it has cost him, and in this way a bass viol sometimes is valued at \$1,000 or so by its owner. In fact, I really know a musician who sued a railroad company for \$5,000 for a bass viol smashed in an accident, and he actually got \$3,800.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Object Lesson.

A doctor prescribing for a baby was sadly vexed by the officiousness of the child's family relatives, who tried all sorts of home remedies for it, saying in apology:

"We thought if they did no good they would do no harm, doctor."

At the end of his patience the doctor one morning called for bowl, a spoon and some fresh butter, and began stirring the latter round and round with an air of grave importance. The ladies gathered about him inquisitively, but he gave them no attention until, at last, curiosity became rampant, they cried in chorus:

"Oh, doctor, do tell us what you are going to do with the butter!"

Here was his chance. Facing them solemnly, he said: "I am going to grease the baby's elbow with it. It may not do any good, but it won't do any harm."—London Daily.

The Cray's Luck.

The czar of all the Russias still lives, but it is only by the merest good luck. The latest attempt to make him shuffle off consisted of the explosion of a chest of dynamite at the railway station of Peterhof, a small place near St. Petersburg. The stuff went off a little too soon and killed a signalman. In the meantime the czar was far enough away for safety, as he nearly always contrives to be when anything unpleasant is taking place. It is evidently unnecessary for him to remain shut up within the stone walls of Tsarskoe now. He can walk and ride about in the open world without having the least fear of injury, unless, indeed, some of those infernal machines happen to go off at an unlucky moment for him some day. But the chances of such a catastrophe are very small, apparently.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Work the Source of Happiness.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately, if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature and with heroic truth in every man thou meetest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—M. Antonius.

Scrubbing Book.

I take ordinary wrapping paper, cream colored, fold it into double sheets, 19 by 14 inches in size, and sew the sheets together in a book for scrubbing poors, short stories and random thoughts. Thus they are kept together for future reference, and there is a saving of paper, which is quite an item of expense to even the "little unknown."—Writer.

MAKING POSTAL CARDS.

HOW THE POPULAR LITTLE MESSAGE BEARERS ARE PUT UP.

Reducing Rag to Cards and Then Printing Them—A Little Town Where This is Done—Immense Increase in the Demand for Postal Cards.

American postal cards made their appearance in May, 1873, since which time the sale has grown so rapidly that over 1,000,000,000 have now to be manufactured every year.

Two miles below this city, on the east bank of the Hudson river, is Castleton, a pretty little country village, overlooking the river, in a ravine, back of the hill on which the village stands, is a cluster of brick buildings, in these buildings are manufactured, all the postal cards used by the government, and from here they are sent to every city, village and hamlet in the United States, to be used by the public and sent to them to all parts of the civilized globe.

THE LITTLE RAILROAD.

During the year 1888, considerably over a billion cards were turned out and sent over the country. For each thousand of these little miseries, the government pays fifty-four cents, and for them it receives the sum of \$10. In the little ravine are five buildings. The factory where the postals are made is a long one story structure, about three times as long as it is wide. In this building all the cards are printed and cut from the sheets, counted by machinery, put up in packages of twenty-five each and packed in pasteboard boxes ready for shipment. A large fire proof vault, built expressly and holding 30,000,000 cards, which are always kept in reserve, is located in this building. In the south room is the government office, where is located the chief clerk and nine assistants, who are kept constantly busy recording the requisitions from postmasters and the time of filling them.

The machinery used in making the postal cards is the usual kind of paper making machinery, and there are kept constantly in motion three washing engines, four beaters and two sets of rollers. One set is used entirely for postal card work, and one for the finer grade of book paper work for the government. Each day from four to seven tons of rags are used, besides a large quantity of wood pulp. The postal cards are made almost entirely from rags. The rags are carried from Castleton or the smallest railroad in the United States. It is a little single track road connecting with the Hudson River railroad, and it runs around the hills to the mill. The locomotive, one passenger car and a postal car constitute the equipment of the railroad car. The car is but little larger than street cars. No operators or station agents are required to manage its affairs, and no fares are charged passengers or freight rates collected. The little train starts from Castleton, or the mill, whenever there are shipments or passengers to go, and returns when any one in authority gives the word. It is only a half mile from Castleton to the mill, but nearly all the operations ride, as they do not care to walk where they have a special train at their disposal.

FROM RAGS TO CARDS.

This little train of cars carries away daily from the works two car loads of printed postal cards, all of which are brought to this city and thence distributed, according to the destination marked upon them, all over the country, in every postoffice over which Uncle Sam has jurisdiction. To load a car requires between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of the little cards, according to how they are packed. Three million cards make a large load, as a box containing 25,000 cards weighs 165 pounds. A thousand cards weigh about 5½ pounds, or, to be more exact, 1,000,000 cards weigh 5,225 pounds.

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Climbing up the hill to the largest building one can easily follow the process by which postal cards are made. In a back room of the building can be seen a dozen girls whose sole duty is to sort the rags that come in from the collectors. The girls cut off all buttons and buckles on discarded garments and sort the rags into piles according to quality. The sorted rags are put into huge chipping machines, which cut them into small pieces. It then whisks them into a dust machine, where they are shaken and cleaned. From this point they pass through a succession of baths in chloride of lime and various other bleaching and cleansing chemicals, with occasional visits to vats and trips through rollers with sharp knives on them.

After passing through the different processes the rags come out in a fine white pulp as thin as flour paste. This is shaken over wire to get the water out, and is then put through a score or more of rollers and a glue bath, after which it is rolled out into postal card paper. At the end of the long roll that have been squeezing the paper down and putting the glue on it, are the knives used for cutting, and the long sheet passing through it is either cut into sheets, four postal cards wide to be put into sheets, or the paper is cut into sheets 2½x3½ inches. In the big room of the postal card mill are about a dozen men and two dozen women, four large presses, four cutters and one extra large cutter. The sheets are taken to the press, where they are given the feeders, who on the Campbell press feed forty-one sheets a minute, or 1,760 postal cards. The cards are printed from steel plates so hard that a file could not make an impression on them. Each one is printed from a separate plate, and eighty plates are locked in the bed of the press. All the plates are sent from Washington, and one set of plates in continual use lasts about two years. The feeders are women of experience, and they receive forty-one and a half cents for feeding 100,000 cards, and can feed about 500,000 a day.

The sheets are next taken to the cutters, from which they are turned out in single cards. Three girls take the cards of each feeder. One counts twenty-five in each pack. I fired and missed. Rotating Hank's danger, I drew down my gun, drew knife and dashed off in pursuit.

When I came up the bear was hugging Hank and tearing the old man's back and loins with his dreadful claws.

With a cry of horror I sprang forward and drove my knife to the heart in the grizzly's heart. Taking Hank's head upon my knee I wiped his blood stained lips and beat down to catch what he was trying to articulate. "You ornery cur," he gasped, "what 'd you want ter cut that pelt fer?" and the bear of the Big Horn was alone with a corpse.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE CORN COB PIPE.

Farmers living in the vicinity of a corn cob pipe factory are exceptionally fortunate. Although many millions of cobs are burned or allowed to rot every year, the price for pipe making purposes keeps up. A farmer living near Washington, Mo., recently sold 100 bushels of corn for \$30 and got \$27 for the cobs. This is at the rate of 57 cents a bushel, and if only sufficient Missouri meerschaums were smoked to make the demand larger farmers would soon be rich. Corn cob pipes are manufactured by a very simple process, and are in fair demand all over the country. Some were recently shipped to Europe, and more were ordered soon after their arrival.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Encouraging a Horse.

A Kansas horse thief ran off a valuable animal, and being closely pursued hid in a thicket. He held the horse's jaw to prevent his neighing, but the animal struck him down, seized the fellow by the leg and drew him into the road, and he turned out to be a chap with \$300 reward on his head. The sheriff did the fair thing by the horse by presenting him with 100 bushels of oats.—Detroit Free Press.

FLATTERY.

Mrs. Quickritch—Where have you put Mr. Q., porter?

Porter—in upah 10, ma'm; dat's what he b'longs.

Mrs. Q.—Quite right, porter; here is a dollar.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

LITTLE DROPS OF DEW.

THE TRUE THEORY OF THEIR ORIGIN AND OTHER FACTS.

Curious Phenomena They Exhibit and Erroneous Ideas Concerning Them—Wonderful Productions of Nature That Puzzled the Ancient Philosophers.

The metal smith's trade is very powerful and influential in China, wrought metal being a favorite decoration for houses, altars in churches, town halls, assemblies rooms and business places of the more wealthy firms. The metal used are brass, white bronze, which closely resembles Britannia metal, gold bronze, ordinary bronze and silver. The work of the Chinese metal smith is greatly superior to that of our own in variety, originality of design, and in artistic finish. The smiths turn out bowls, vases, urns, pitchers, ewers, basins, cup standards, pipes and other mounting utensils, standards, lamps, candleabra, lanterns, pedestal, chairs, tables, church furniture and numerous other articles, all of substantial workmanship and standard material.

The metal smith makes good wages, and has good social position in China, but the industry is not a healthy one, the Chinese not understanding the physiological action of the metallic oxides on the system, and not knowing how to prevent or remedy the injuries they suffer. The Chinese system of casting is very similar to ours, but in cleaning and polishing they use no chemical agents, relying almost entirely on manual labor, and the use of lathes fitted up with polishing brushes. They understand oxidation, and produce malachite and azurite effects and the like very effectively. They secure these, not by the action of acids and acid vapor baths; but by burying the objects to be treated in various kinds of decomposing organic matter. In one respect the work of the Chinese smith is peculiar.

The soldiers in many parts of the Chinese empire still wear fine mail armor, helmets, breast plates and shields, and the same articles are worn by the participants in civic processions and official parades. As a consequence such armor is still made, and the armorers occupy in China about the same position that they did in Europe in mediæval times. A suit of brass armor worn by one of the Black Flag leaders in the Tsin-ku war is said to have successfully resisted bullets, and to have broken a bayonet thrust delivered by a powerful French marine.—Mechanical Progress.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Among all the numerous truths "stranger than fiction" that the study of natural science has revealed, there are few more interesting and instructive than those relating to the phenomena of dew and frost.

The late Professor J. Dorman Steele, in his excellent work, "Fourteen Weeks in Physics," says: "Dew was anciently thought to possess many wonderful properties. Baths in this precious liquid were said to conduct greatly to beauty. It was collected for this purpose, and for the use of the alchemists in their weird experiments, by spreading fleeces of wool upon the ground. Laurens, a philosopher of the middle ages, claimed that dew was ethereal, so that if we should fill a lark's egg with it and lay it out in the sun, immediately it would be in time, and he forgot all about the short pants, while he put on some fine style in the shape of high collar, fancy tie, low cut vest, etc., and hurried off to the feet.

He changed his \$12 wide out pants and

put on an ancient pair that had hung unused for a long time, for he wished to save the wear and tear the new pair would get by wearing them while putting down the carpet. When on they reached to a point half way down between his ankles and knees, then he recognized them as ones he used in washing his carriage, which accounted for the shrinkage. The carpet job taking longer than he had expected, he found that he must hurry his steps, and when he reached to a point half way down between his ankles and knees, then he recognized them as ones he used in washing his carriage, which accounted for the shrinkage. The carpet job taking longer than he had expected, he found that he must hurry his steps, and when he reached to a point half way down between his ankles and knees, then he recognized them as ones he used in washing his carriage, which accounted for the shrinkage. 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O. C. FOWNING Editor and Proprietor.

THE YEAR'S EARNINGS.

In January last the railway companies of the United States paid about \$46,800,000 in interest, an increase of over 50 per cent. in interest payments made in January, 1888. For the who's year 1889 the excess in interest payments over that of 1888 amounted to \$27,980,061. The dividend showing for the past year is not so favorable, the Railway Examiner estimating the decrease at \$4,550,310, or about 4 per cent. The first dividends of the year made a good showing, but the subsequent ones showed a bad falling off.

The interest and dividend payments which will be made this month will be far in excess of those of January, 1889. Many roads in which dividends were passed last year have a good fund to draw upon. Security holders will receive \$70,000,000 to \$75,000,000 on their investments this month.

At this moment it appears to be certain that the great fair of 1892 will be held in 1895. The shortness of time is a valid objection, and the intense rivalry of cities for the location is a suggestive reason. The politicians discover also that the fair will not work well in the year of a Presidential campaign. The Democrats discover that the Republicans will find many voices of fat in the fund, and the Republicans are afraid the Democrats will influence the votes of the thousands of working people who will be employed around the buildings and grounds. Therefore both parties agree that Columbus ought not to have discovered America until 1845, and will proceed to jointly rectify his promiscuity.

The dispatch from St. Petersburg that the influenza epidemic has entirely disappeared from that city and Moscow will no doubt have a favorable effect in this country, as it will give assurance to timid folks that the disease is not as bad as represented. Unquestionably much of the ill-health noticeable at present is due to an overestimate of the gravity of the complaint. A person who simply has a bad cold does not lose spirit, but if he gets the idea that it is "la grippe" that troubles him he immediately becomes despondent, and consequently much sicker than if he were not worried by the new-singled name.

A baby usually commands a degree of attention entirely disproportionate to its size, but the way King of Spain, who by the way was a General before he was out of long clothes, seems to come in for a larger share of notice than most babies. Just now his health is in a very precarious condition, and all the crowned heads of Europe are in a flutter, for they cannot foresee what consequences may flow from the going out of his little life. If all the reports regarding the anxiety of kings and emperors over this little baby be taken into consideration, it is easy to concede the truth of the saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

One of the best points in Mr. Blaine's rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's free-trade argument is that in which he made clear that the one industry which the United States has denied protection—namely, shipbuilding—has languished, while the same industry, which he pretends to be the only one Great Britain protects, has made phenomenal's advancement in that country. Any one unable to see the force of this illustration must be particularly dull. It seems to demonstrate conclusively that protection is the only reliable method of stimulating an industry.

A pair of fond parents in Louisiana recently administered to three children large doses of strichnine under the impression that it was quinine. It seems almost incredible that so dangerous a poison as strichnine should be kept about a house without proper warning label, but the frequent occurrence of such tragedies as the above show that the carelessness habit prevails. Perhaps the only cure for such carelessness should be to write out a proper punishment to the authors of it.

Chauncy Depew at the annual dinner of the Holland Society made one of his witty and scathing speeches, in which he paid a deserved tribute to the character of the Dutch. No people in the world has a more brilliant history. As workers the Dutch have never been excelled. Devotion to learning is one of their leading traits, and those who have read the histories of Motley know how much the world is indebted to them for their vigorous defense of human rights and liberty.

Government officials in Cuba have robbed the Treasury of about \$700,000. They have had an example before them for generations, during which the Government has robbed the Cubans. There is not always honor among thieves. Probably some new excuse will be devised to wring the amount of the defalcation out of the "ever faithful isle."

The order of the Reading Railroad Company that all of its employees shall be clean-shaven is ridiculous. It is especially hard on brakemen, conductors, etc., who are exposed to the weather, beside being an unwarrantable interference with personal rights. The soldier is permitted to wear his beard, provided he keeps it neat.

The English yacht builders, after all their protestations, have come to the center-board at last. The latest design of Watson's, now building at Southampton, will be provided with the feature that Americans also played no small part in the successes of the Puritan and the Volunteer.

Idaho is boozing her row into the Union, she hopes, and the Mormons are boasting her by protesting against her admission. They are not good politicians, or they would prevent Statehood by favoring it.

OUR ARID LANDS.

Hermann Fears the Government Will Not Take Hold of the Scheme to Redeem the Deserts.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—Representative Hermann, of Oregon, in an interview to-day, said: "I am afraid that all this investigation and agitation by the special committee of the Senate during the past summer will result in nothing material in the way of irrigating our arid plains."

"I can only hope to see an appropriation made, for the present at least, providing for a general survey of all lands, which, it is believed, should be irrigated at the expense of the Government. There is too much opposition from the Eastern and Central States to warrant us in hoping that we can get an appropriation through Congress to prepare irrigating basins or bore artesian wells, although any fair-minded man will acknowledge that this should be done."

"The Government has a right to irrigate its own lands. We have very little agricultural land which the poor man can settle upon, and if we should irrigate the arid plains there would be a new life opened to the poor man who wanted to go West and take up a home at the expense of the Government."

"I am unalterably opposed to the proposition to donate lands to States with the understanding that they shall be made available by irrigation. Whenever the Federal Government gives its lands to the States to be irrigated it turns all of such lands into the hands of monopolists. The States have not the money to irrigate these lands and they would give them to irrigating companies who would be as grasping and fraudulent as such corporations have been in the past."

"I would prefer to depend upon the changing elements or climate for irrigation than on irrigation companies. I am thoroughly disheartened and believe that the whole project for the Government to assume in irrigating our arid plains will fail through. One thing is certain, we cannot yet money for irrigation purposes until we overcome the prejudices which abound east of the Mississippi river."

The Canadian Pacific's net results from the operations of its lines in 1889 amount to \$6,000,000. With this sum it will not only meet its fixed charges but have a balance of \$2,500,000 for dividend paying purposes. In 1888 the surplus was \$326,000, so that the total now available for dividends is \$2,576,000. A dividend of 2½ per cent. will be paid in February.

Gladstone tells us his arduous tenant that he objects to naturalization of the land because the State could not be a good and capable landlord. Had he added that the person who farms his own few acres, and the town resident, who owns his home, make the best citizens, his argument would have been more complete.

Russia is taking decided steps toward the expulsion of the Germans within her boundaries. Germany cannot legally complain, as she has lately been doing the same to foreigners in her territory. When a nation becomes practically an armed camp, there is no place for neutrals or possible hostile.

Wyoming asks admission to the Union, and pleads her two forests as part of her claim to self-supporting resources. Her forests are fine, but the fires are wiping them out so rapidly that the claim will soon be in ashes.

FORMING A CORNER IN CONGRESS.

The *Eureka Sentinel*, of last Saturday, contains the following:

At the beginning of the present session of Congress it was announced from Washington by telegraph that the Senators and members of the House from the extreme West had resolved themselves into a committee whereby they agreed to stand as a unit on all matters of important legislation. The combination was given the name of the "Northwestern Association," and Senator Stewart of this State was made President of it. The object of the association was doubtless to advance West's interests to itself, the end sought is laudable enough, but the means employed to attain it are of questionable propriety. Blameless persons among other things are to be procured if possible. The scheme is more practical than patriotic. This being a representative Government the Representative should be left free and as a law unto himself, answerable only to his constituency or the good or bad discharge of the duties devolving upon him. To him up to now a combination which is intended to vote as one man is to deprive him very largely of his independent character as a representative of the people. Such a thing may well enough among small men in small partisan politics, but it is disgraceful when applied to law makers. To a very mild, it is a lowering of the dignity which is presumed to attach to the greatest law-making body in the world. The logical deduction shows plainly the "Northwestern Association." Is the main organization to pluck the Government, in this country the people are supposed to be the Government. Hence it follows that the people's representatives combine to pluck the people. The whole affair is unworthy of any man or set of men with brains enough to find the way to Washington. If the West may combine, why not the East as? And if the Congress of the United States is to be run by rigs, and corners, and combines, and trusts, that would seem to place a period to free representative government in this country. Is there a man in the "Northwestern Association" who knows anything about the genius of our Government? We do not know one, and doubt if there is one.

Influenza in New York in 1889.

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